

Dear Mr. Weisberg,

I am thirty-three years old now. My son is now five . Since I became of an age to think as an independent a great deal of my spare time has been spent studying what has been written over the years on JFK and his death. When my son is old enough I will sit him down and explain things (as I see them) and hopefully I will hold his interest long enough to tell him to be "forever vigilant" of his own government. Seems like the least I can do.

As you might have noticed from the return address I live way out here in Michigan. Not the best place for obtaining hard to reach information . But not too far from nearby Notre Dame University. Good old Professor Blakey and his law school (Now there is a scary thought).

On the thirtieth anniversary of the assassination I went to St. Mary's College, right across the street from the Golden Dome to attend a seminar being given by a man who claimed to be on the House Select Committee. I found out rather quickly why the committee came up short in their duties.

This gentleman couldn't come up with the name of the only eyewitness to "positively ID Oswald as J.D. Tippett's killer"

When I called out from the back of the room, "Helen Markham." the man, visibly embarrassed allowed that I was correct. Question after question, this man was unable to answer much of anything that was of a pertinent nature. But I couldn't let it go at that.

When I told people that Markham's "positive ID" consisted of the statement that she "had cold chills all over but she just didn't know," the murmurs outweighed the questions.

Then I asked for Mr. Blakey.

"Because if he is here ,I would like to know why you would ask experts in the critical community what their problems with the Warren Report are and then not allow their views to be shared with his own staff."

Dead silence. You would think I had drawn a mustache on 'Touchdown Jesus" That was a whole lot of fun for me, being around other people who actually want to talk about the crime.

Which brings me around to my last point and then I'll let you go.

I was a professional fighter for 15 years and had a fairly decent career at it. More than one slobbering individual has told me I was the most exciting fighter he has ever seen and rightfully embarrassed I would tell him, well, to have another and watch the two ladies squaring off by the bar. My point being that I hate gushing. It is embarrassing. But in case no one has ever said it, thanks. Thanks for letting Hoover Ford ,Specter and the boys ^{know} that we are watching, and that they have earned our vigilance and hopefully we will never be caught sleeping again.

Thanks

Jeff Bumpas